

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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No. 52.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MAGNANIMITY.

WE have learned with some regret, that, among the more dignified class of our readers—for the Journal is read by all classes, as well by those to whom its price is an inconceivable atom of money, as by the multitudinous children of industry to whom its low price barely renders it accessible—a few express themselves dissatisfied with the homeliness of those articles which fall under the description of sketches of society. This kind of society, they say, is not ours; it is that of our tradesmen, or something else that we know nothing of—there is not the least reference to what we consider society in the whole of it. Now, with deference, we think that this dissatisfaction arises from one of the least amiable peculiarities of those who do not require to labour for their bread. In the intercourse that we have had with what is technically called *good society*, we have always observed one thing as very conspicuous—an affected unconsciousness of all that is below—an assumed ignorance of all the many acts by which the multitude obtain the food which Providence has ordained for them—a complete exclusive supposition that there is no class in the world worthy of being thought of, but those who have what we can only describe as the singular good fortune of being enabled to live splendidly without ever having had the trouble of earning a penny. This peculiarity is, we fear, too essentially a part of our nature to be easily cured, or laughed out of countenance. And we see too much of the same disposition among the middling class, so far as circumstances permit it to be developed, to justify us in railing at those in whom it is most broadly observable. It is surely, however, to be regretted that this general desire to appear as exalted as possible above the necessities which we inherit from nature, should lead so often as it does to a real contempt for those who are more subject to these necessities than ourselves, or wither so effectually as it does all the sympathy that might otherwise be experienced respecting the modes of thinking, action, and feeling of the less fortunate in life. We are all part of the same great family, all alike tending onwards to the same lofty fate, and only separated here by partitions which, when surveyed from a distance, do not appear: why should thus be disrespectful to dust, or the brief space of mortal life be filled with heartburnings and other self-brought evils, in addition to those which are inseparable from its condition?

It may be urged as a startling objection to what we are stating, that there are delineations of humble life, both in literature and art, which perhaps please the highest class more than even that to which they refer. The pictures of Teniers and Wilkie, and the gipsies, beggars, and peasants of Scott, are nowhere so highly relished as in the very loftiest circles of society—even the late Monarch of these islands having been a devoted admirer of what is called the Dutch school of painting. But this is, in reality, no objection. It is only when the subjects are from a class a little inferior to our own, that the antipathy is observable. The noble will easily tolerate the very humble, as a matter of curiosity; but they can cherish no kind feelings towards the class which immediately "galls their kibe." In that class they see a perpetual attempt to imitate, and get upon the same level with themselves, which, when taken in connection with the symptoms of their real inferiority, provokes anger and contempt. In the former case, there is necessarily no hostility, for the very good reason that there is no competition. But in the other case it is found, as in all others where there is a possibility of self-love whispering "you are as good as he," that there can be no good fellowship.

It may be perceived that the sentiments to which we here refer are unfortunately fostered by the greater proportion of British writers, few of whom seem to consider it worth their while to depict the features of that great and varied middle class of society which forms one of the most striking characteristics of our country. They direct their efforts chiefly to the delineation of a highly artificial state of social life, in which nature has lost all its grace and warmth, thus strangely passing over what must be daily coming under their own observation, and which is susceptible of being turned to the best moral account, in order to satisfy the vitiated taste of a class who already perhaps know too little of the manners, the usages, and the feelings of those placed immediately below them.

This brings us to the other side of the subject—the invidious feeling which the inferior is apt to cherish towards the superior order; a feeling exactly corresponding in strength to the contempt which the superior is so unfortunately apt to entertain for the inferior. Unavoidable as both sentiments may be in a great measure, they are decidedly to be considered as among the most unworthy that beset our nature, and those which we are most called upon to contend against. To repine at the good of another is repugnant alike to human philosophy, and to Christian charity. It deprives us of that satisfaction which all of us are designed to have, each in his own temporary station, and places us virtually in a state of rebellion against the ordinances of the divine will. It is a cowardly, and, therefore, an ineffably mean passion; for in every one of its emotions, our imagination makes a stab at our neighbours, which our hand could not dare to do at his person. In general, no man who hopes to obtain any good by his own deservings, or feels within himself the power which will in time enable him to obtain it, will degrade himself by the most transient emotion of this passion; he will feel that nothing would so truly render him unworthy of ever attaining to what he desires, as to look with the sickly eye of envy upon the same good already obtained by others. It is, however, to a limited number, that the power is thus given of resisting such emotions. The only effectual guard against either contempt for our inferiors, or envy for our superiors, is the habit of mind called MAGNANIMITY.

Magnanimity is literally greatness of soul, and in general implies an elevation of mind which places us above all unworthy or degrading feelings. It should be the object of every one to cultivate this condition of mind as much as possible, or, if we have it not well developed within ourselves, we ought to place models of it before us, and only act and feel as we may suppose such persons would act and feel under similar circumstances. It is only in the magnanimous in any rank of life that there is real goodness; for unless the lower passions have been trampled down by this grand controller of the soul, there can be no clear stage for the better feelings to act upon. Above all things, magnanimity will place us above the aptitude to sneer at every thing that we think a little less informed, less fortunate, or less gifted with the world's honour, than what belongs to us—and also, and to the same degree, above all liability to this constant inward assassination of all whom we think somewhat better off than ourselves. The magnanimous person will not take a paltry revenge, either in speech or deed, for a trivial invasion of his rights of any kind: he has too much respect for himself to do so. He will speak no evil of a neighbour—not that he perhaps thinks it undeserved, but that he thinks it mean to do that, in the security of his neighbour's absence, which he could

not do to his face. His elevation above low feelings enables him to take a benevolent and philanthropic view of human nature, to make kind allowances for what is deficient in the conduct of some, and to award due praise for what is meritorious in others, and nowhere to permit a trivial personal interest, or a jot of his own self-love, to colour his estimate of a fellow creature, whether placed above or beneath him. By this means he preserves his own purity of character, and ensures a far more certain return of honour and respect in the long-run, than he could obtain by the most constant and successful habit of detracting from the merit of others.

STORY OF A VAGABOND, OR SCENES IN JAMAICA.

THE sun had not yet risen. It was the short grey twilight, which, in the tropics, intervenes between the total darkness of night and the perfect effulgence of day. The land-breeze was blowing delightfully fresh and cool, and as it came, in fitful gusts, up the precipitous gullies, tearing through the tall and willow-like clumps of bamboos that surrounded our dwelling, and swaying to and fro the gossamer mosquito-net that encircled my bed, having free ingress through the open *jealousies** of my bed-chamber, I felt a sensation almost of chilliness, which I enjoyed with all the zest of the thirst-parched traveller when his lip first touches the cool waters of the fountain in the sandy desert. The situation of the property on which I resided was a most picturesque, and to me, in many respects, a most frightful one. It was a narrow promontory, shooting out from, and at right angles with, the western ridge of the Blue Mountains, and inaccessible, on any side, but by roads, as near as might be, perpendicular. On our right flowed the Yallah's river, down to the channel of which, although one could almost pitch a stone into it, it was yet a good hour and half's ride; the road winding along the face of the bank somewhat in the form of a cork-screw, or rather after the fashion of those curvatures described by shower-drops on a glazed window in a rainy day. The history of the above river may give strangers to tropical climes some general idea of the fearful elemental convulsions which at times overtake them. The gentleman whose guest I was informed me that previous to 1815 it was a mere brook, which he could with ease step across. At that time he possessed a fine coffee plantation on its banks, the result of many long years of industry and economy; and as the West Indian trade was then in its high and palmy state, he had the prospect of speedily realising a fortune, large even beyond his wishes, and of returning to his native country, Scotland, to enjoy the fruits of his labours, long before he had reached the prime of manhood. In the foresaid year, a hurricane of wind and rain occurred which spread ruin and desolation over the island, and occasioned the loss of hundreds of lives. His house, being situated in a sheltered spot, was safe from the fury of the wind, but he soon saw grounds for apprehension from a foe equally terrific and resistless. The brook began to rise; and only those who have personally witnessed such a scene, can have any correct idea of the impetuous velocity with which the rains sweep down the sides of the mountains, often stripping the entire soil off the coffee plantations in their devastating career. As the Yallah's Burn, now swollen to a mighty torrent, began to approach the house and offices, the negroes, who firmly believed that nothing less than a second

* Similar to Venetian blinds, but upon a larger scale. They are fitted into the window-frame instead of glass, and can be opened or closed at pleasure.

deluge was at hand, crowded, with tears and lamentations, round their master, beseeching him to beg of "de big Spirit no to drown poor nigger man, till him learn to b'ave himself like good Christian!" and promising "neber to tlef, nor tell lie, nor need fum fum (the whip), no mo, but as Massa Busher bid them, and be good nigger eber after for no time at all." The waters soon reached the threshold, when my friend, seeing the peril every moment increasing, locked the doors of all his houses, and scrambled a considerable way up the bank, with his black companions. In less than half an hour, every vestige of his premises was under water, and the fugitives were driven higher up the bank—a second, and a third time. At last, as it began to grow dark, and it seemed quite uncertain where the rising of the torrent would terminate, they ascended about a mile up the mountain, and took shelter within a natural excavation in the rock. There they sojourned for three days and three nights, subsisting upon what wild roots and fruits they could collect, during which time the tempest raged with unceasing fury. The wind, my friend told me, appeared frequently to blow from all points of the compass at once, and often to descend, as it were, perpendicularly from the cloudy firmament; at which times the trees were smote or bent to the earth, and the branches riven from their trunks, after a fearful manner. In short, the whole elemental system was completely disorganised, and nature seemed about to resolve itself into its original chaos. At last the fearful visitation passed away; and as the waters subsided still faster than they rose, my friend watched eagerly and anxiously for the first glimpse of his late comfortable dwelling; but the torrent decreased and decreased until the brook shrunk into its former insignificant dimensions—but not a trace of house, offices, or property was to be seen! All had been swept down to the ocean by the overwhelming torrent, leaving only a wide channel-course, worn below the original elevation of the stream to a depth which there were no means of ascertaining—all the former local land-marks having disappeared, and the entire character of the scenery, indeed, changed. At the place where I crossed the stream, in order to reach my friend's present abode (which he had luckily saved money enough to purchase), the channel was upwards of two hundred yards wide.

On the other side of my friend's residence, ran another stream, called the Mullet Burn, from its abounding with the delicious fish of that name—something akin to, but much richer than, our burn-trout, and caught in a similar manner, with the rod and common fly. Although almost equally perpendicular in descent, the bank on this side was not nearly so profound in depth as on the other. The brow of the promontory or peak on which the house was situated, commanded a view of such magnificence as utterly to baffle the power of language to describe. How often have I stood there alone, gazing down on that singular and seldom-witnessed spectacle—a thunder-storm beneath my feet! The lightning, broad, blue, and fierce, darting hither and thither through the gloom-shrouded vale below, with a rapidity and waywardness which baffled the quickest eye-glance to follow its motions, followed on the instant by the thunder itself, not, as in our northern clime, rolling in a long and continuous roar, but expending itself in a series of explosions, like the rapid discharge of a park of artillery, augmented by the repetition of a thousand echoes, until the entire aerial space seems filled with the "strife of sound," and the senses reel beneath the shock of the awful elemental conflict. Through an opening in the mountains towards the south-east, our house commanded an extensive view of the Caribbean Sea, by which we could distinctly discern all vessels passing to and from Europe, North America, &c., by the windward passage, the examining the size and character of which, through a telescope, frequently constituted our sole occupation for the day. And this brings me back to the original purpose of my present narrative.

It was, as I have said, still grey dawn. The chirrup of the house lizard (something like the cry of our cricket) sounded loud and incessant, and the fire-flies, with their beautiful phosphorescent forms, ever and anon darted, like shooting stars, athwart my still dark apartment, when suddenly my attention was roused by the hoarse baying of the watch-dogs challenging the approach of some stranger, and immediately thereafter heard two voices talking loud and somewhat angrily, which I soon distinguished to be those of an Englishman and the negro watchman for the night. The former seemed to be ordering, and the latter remonstrating in his own way; but was soon silenced. Presently, Philmore (the negro) passed by my window to that of his master—the door of whose apartment was directly opposite to mine, on the other side of the spacious hall—muttering and swearing to himself, in high wrath and broken English—

"Massa break Phil's head for waken him before shell-blow now. What de debil make him de captain, dat he travel as early? and him eye 'tare taring in him head, as if he seen one duffy!"

With these ejaculations, he proceeded to his un-

willful task of awakening his master, in, as I well recollect, the following fashion:—"Massa—Massa—(A gentle shake of the window, and a pause.) Massa—Massa Busher! (Louder—another pause.) Massa Busher! you no hear now? (Losing patience, and shaking the window violently.) He hear no mo than if him head one pumpkin! Him augh, augh—(imitating the sound of snoring)—like one great trunk nigger!" Here he applied himself to the window again with such increased energy, that he at last succeeded in his purpose; and I heard my friend demanding, in great ire, what the black rascal meant by disturbing him so early?

"It no black rascal dat 'turb you, massa! it be de brown rascal."

"How, sir?"

"Dat is, massa, de person dat call himself Brown!"

"Who is he? or what does he want?"

"He no tell dat, massa; but he want de doctor."

"Well, go round to the hall, and get it for him."

"But he want more than dat, massa," persisted Philmore; "he want de mule to carry him over de pass, and nigger to go wid him."

"The devil pass him!" ejaculated my worthy host, getting out of bed, with woeful reluctance, to perform the imperative duties of Jamaica hospitality.

I now heard my host leave his room, and admit his early visitant into the front hall, at the other side of the house, which was too distant for me to hear a word of what passed between them. Soon afterwards, they both went out; and as the sun was now hot, and high above the horizon, I arose, although it was scarcely five o'clock. My host returned at seven to breakfast, and, whilst discussing our plentiful meal of boiled yams, roasted plantains (which taste exactly, when young, like new-baked barley scones), salt pork and fish, eggs and fresh roasted coffee, seasoned with goats' milk and sugar as black as treacle, I adverted to the untimely visit he had received that morning.

"Poor wretch!" he replied, in a tone of commiseration, "he is one of the most miserable beings ever cursed with the burden of existence! And yet the scoundrel scarcely merits pity. He is one of those cold-hearted, cool-headed, calculating sensualists, whose whole thoughts are engrossed with the consideration of self, and the gratification of their animal passions. Handsome, pre-eminently handsome, in features and person, and with a singular plausibility of tongue and manner, he won a strong regard towards himself on his first arrival in the island about eight months since, not only amongst the female, but male coteries, to which he gained admittance. His red coat, besides, was a general introduction."

"He belongs to the army, then? What regiment?"

"He was a lieutenant in the —, now lying at U'p-park camp."

"And what rank does he hold now?"

"That of a vagabond," answered my host, in mingled tone of pity and bitterness.

I begged him to explain, my curiosity being aroused by the odd sort of rice he had mentioned.

"It is not more than eight months ago," pursued my friend, complying with my request, "since this man arrived at Kingston, and joined his regiment with a lieutenant's commission. Since his disgrace, some strange rumours have gone abroad respecting the reason of his leaving England. It is said that he was married, and has a wife, whom he deserted a few weeks after their union, still living there."

A chilly shuddering came over me.

"What is his name?" I asked, with much trepidation.

"Brown," was the reply. I felt indescribably relieved.

"Whether married or not," continued my friend, "he forthwith began to enact the modern Don Juan in Kingston and the neighbourhood, and soon became notorious for the gross viciousness of his conduct. How it happens, heaven alone knows: but it is a singular and melancholy fact, that women often prefer professed libertines to men of amiable disposition and good moral habits. And so it unfortunately happened, in regard to this man, with the daughter of a late old and valued friend of mine, residing with her uncle, a wealthy merchant in Kingston. Despite all the remonstrances and watchfulness of her uncle and relatives, to whom Brown's licentious conduct was well known, and who suspected truly the motives of his attentions to her, he succeeded in gaining her affections under promise of marriage. It was evident the scoundrel calculated upon his regiment being removed to a distant station; but fate willed it otherwise, and the case of the poor girl was no sooner disclosed, than her only brother hastened from Spanish Town to demand reparation. Brown, I believe, would have fulfilled his promise, but for one circumstance, which, however, to his selfish and unprincipled nature, was all-sufficient. She was penniless, and her uncle would not bestow a dollar on the man who had abused his hospitality. Upon his refusal to make amends for his treachery, there was, of course, only another alternative:—the brother and he met in the field of honour, as it is called, and the former was shot through the heart at the first fire! The cool baseness of the whole transaction, however, was so notorious, that he was not only sent to Co-

ventry by his brother officers, and excluded from a respectable society, but upon a memorial of the facts being sent home to the commander-in-chief, the next packet brought his unconditional dismissal from the army, couched in the severest terms of reprehension and opprobrium. Not having money enough to leave the island, the poor wretch has, since then (about four months ago), been wandering about the interior, an outcast and a vagabond. Every door is of course open to a white man here, nor is there a possibility of his starving; but he seems to bear the Cain-mark on his brow; he is shunned by every one, and the misery of his situation appears to be fast driving him to insanity. His appearance this morning was truly frightful, and the first thing he called for was a dram. I suppose he had been lying in the bush all night."

Some passages in my friend's short narrative had recalled some painful reminiscences to my mind; and to banish these, I strolled away down to a neighbouring property, situated on the Mullet Burn, to while away the forenoon over a game at chess with the kind-hearted proprietor. The first object that attracted my attention, on entering his house, was the figure of a man stretched on the sofa, with a cloak thrown over him.

"I am glad you are come," cried my host, "shaking my hand cordially; 'I have been pestered all the morning with a fellow here' (pointing to the sofa), 'who has done nothing but call for rum, rum, every minute, till he has made himself beastly drunk. I wish I was quit of him.'"

It was the outcast Brown. We sat down to our game, nevertheless, and when I left to return to my friend's house to dinner, the wretched being was still sleeping the sleep of intoxication.

It was between five and six o'clock on the following morning that my host and myself were standing on the top of the bank above the Mullet Burn, chatting about various matters. It was a beautiful morning. The nightingales were trilling their lays from every tree, and the tiny, rainbow-decked humming-birds were all astir, sucking their food from the white flowers of the cashew tree, and the purple ipæacuanha plant. Suddenly, a cry of terror was heard about half way down the bank, and three large john or carrion crows rose hastily into the air, as if disturbed in the midst of one of their disgusting feasts. We stepped forward a few paces, and saw the negro Philmore running up towards us, his large eyes starting from their sockets, and bellowing and gesticulating like a madman. "Agh! agh! what me see now! De duffy noting to dat! It be worse than de debil himself! Agh! what me see!"

"What is wrong now, Sir?" shouted mine host.

"Agh, massa—you come dis way, massa," panted out the terrified negro—"me feared to tell what I see, massa! De white man lie down dere in de gully, massa, wid him troat slice across, massa, like one pumpkin! Tead—tead—massa! and de john-crow, too!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed my friend, shuddering, "has there been murder going on!"

Calling to the negro to follow him, he hastened down the bank. I remained where I was, my situation enabling me to see all that passed below. The negro, I observed, ran on towards the house where I had been visiting the previous day, and presently the proprietor, attended by three or four negroes, hastened towards the spot where my friend was standing. After a few minutes' delay, I saw them lift the body of a man, and bear it down to the office-houses of the former. In a short while my friend returned up the bank, and detailed to me the horrid affair. The dead man was the outcast Brown, and he had evidently perished by his own hand. Immediate notice of the occurrence was despatched to the coroner of the district, who speedily attended; and as white men were somewhat scarce thereabouts, I was, most unwillingly, impressed into service as a jurymen, to examine the body. The suicide was lying upon a bench in an outhouse. He was dressed in a worn-out military blue frock-coat, torn and soiled. The soles were worn off his boots, through which his naked feet protruded; he had no linen upon him, and, in short, he looked the very picture of poverty and wretchedness. He was laid so that the horrid wound in his throat, which almost severed his head from his body, was fully displayed, and in his right hand was an open gore-clotted clasp-knife, grasped with the rigid tension of death. The jurors scrutinized the mangled corpse (for the john or carrion crows had been tugging and tearing at the gullet), and I was myself compelled to go through the revolting duty. An undefinable feeling of recognition thrilled through me, as I accidentally scanned the lower features of the face, which were beautifully moulded. I instinctively raised the head with my left hand to take a minuter inspection, and, oh! what a mortal sickness came over my heart, as I gazed, in speechless horror, on that countenance, every lineament of which was burnt into my soul as if with living fire! It was he! the beloved companion of my youth—my first, my only friend! It was he—the heartless villain! whose remorseless treachery had broken the heart of my grey-headed father, and driven my orphan sister, whom he had wedded and abandoned, into irretrievable insanity! It was he! whom I had pursued for years—years which seemed ages—through every nook of Europe, tracking him with the steady and untiring determination of the sleuth-hound, thirsting, thirsting for vengeance; until it had pleased God to recall me to a better

* The negroes take this duty by turns, marching all night round the premises well armed.

† The horn that is blown to assemble the negroes to and dismiss them from labour.

‡ A ghoul.

* A dram, or, as our break-of-day tipple at home would term it, "their morning."

mind, and I resigned him to the chastisement of his Maker. Fearfully, indeed, had it at length overtaken him! His own hand had become the avenger of the crimes he had perpetrated. And, mysterious Providence! where? Even before the eyes of him whom he had most foully and deeply wronged, and in a far, distant nook of the earth, whither I had flown, expressly to forget, amid strange scenes and new occupations, the fatal consequences of his baseness! Yes! there he lay before me—the false friend, the seducer—the murderer—the SUICIDE! It was a fearful—a humiliating—a pitiable spectacle! And a strange change came over me, as I gazed and gazed on that once beloved face, unconscious—utterly unconscious—of the wondering group around me—and, for a time, all my injuries and sufferings were forgotten. My fancy was away back among the long happy years of blissful boyhood. My heart melted within me, and the blessed tear-drops were fast welling forth from my overburdened brain—but, in a moment, they rushed back to their source, and every fibre, vein, and muscle of my body, seemed else to become instantaneously possessed with a separate devil, as my eye fell upon a token which I knew right well. It was merely a paltry peach-coloured ribbon, to be sure; but, oh! what associations did it not conjure up! and how did these contrast with the spectacle that was now before me! I snatched at it, spotted and bedabbled as it all was with his guilty blood, and tore it from his neck with the fury and strength of a maniac, bringing along with it the small ivory locket which I guessed truly was still appended to it. It was the image of my sister, whose faultless features I had thus, in our days of bliss and innocence, attempted, with my own hands, to depict; intended, and with my own sanction given, as intended to—whom?—the abandoned of God and man, who now lay before me reeking in his self-shed gore—her betrayer—her worse than murderer! I dashed it to the earth, in utter phrenzy, and crushed it with my heel into a hundred atoms. With a humane delicacy, which was rather uncommon, no one questioned me as to the cause of my strange agitation. After all was concluded, I walked home with my friend, who was rejoiced to observe my composed demeanour, and hopeful that no bad consequences would ensue from the agitating scene through which I had passed. My reason had indeed been strained almost to cracking. But luckily I was in kind and considerate hands. By medical advice, a passage was taken for me in a merchant ship for Britain, of my going aboard which I have not the slightest recollection. Many weeks, indeed, elapsed ere my reflecting faculties awoke from their torpidity; nor was it until we were tumbling about among the bracing breezes of the north, off the banks of Newfoundland, that I regained the full and healthy use of my reason.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE ROMANS.

The Empire—its Decline and Fall.

THE commonwealth of Rome was at the height of its power, after a lapse of seven centuries from the foundation of the city, or about the commencement of the Christian era. These seven centuries had been filled with a rapid succession of triumphs. Every country in Europe, Asia, and Africa, lying within reach of its legions, had become part of the Roman dominions by military conquest. At this period it reckoned about seven millions of citizens, and twice as many provincials, besides as many slaves. From being an obscure town, Rome had increased in magnitude to an inconceivable extent, and was adorned with majestic temples, public edifices, and palaces, whose ruins are still to be seen in that now degraded city. The public monuments of this remarkable people were placed, not only in the capital, but all over the provinces; and some of them are still this day reckoned among the greatest wonders of art. But the stupendous character of their undertakings was chiefly seen in their roads. All the cities of the empire were connected with each other, and with the capital, by public highways, which, issuing in various directions from the forum—or great central place of public assembly—of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. On the north-west, the boundary of this extensive empire was the wall of Antoninus, built betwixt the Firths of Clyde and Forth, in Scotland, and on the south-east it was the ancient city of Jerusalem. If the distance between these two points be carefully traced, it will be found that the great chain of communication was drawn out to the length of 4080 Roman miles, or 3740 English measure. "The public roads (says Gibbon) were accurately divided by milestones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road was raised into a terrace, which commanded the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel, and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite. Such was the solid construction of the Roman highways, whose firmness has not entirely yielded to the effort of fifteen centuries. They united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse; but their primary object had been to

facilitate the marches of the legions: nor was any country considered as completely subdued, till it had been rendered, in all its parts, pervious to the arms of the conqueror. The advantage of receiving the earliest intelligence, and of conveying their orders with celerity, induced the emperors to establish, throughout their extensive dominions, the regular institution of posts. Houses were every where erected at the distance of only five or six miles; each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and, by the help of these relays, it was easy to travel an hundred miles in a day along the Roman roads." By these means the Romans maintained their ascendancy in every country, and diffused through the whole empire the improvements of social life. The arts and luxuries of the east were carried among the rude barbarians of the west. Almost all the flowers, the herbs, and the fruits that grow in our European gardens, were thus introduced from more genial climes. They brought the cultivation of flax from Egypt into Gaul; they every where gave encouragement to commerce and manufactures; the most remote countries were ransacked to supply the pomp and delicacy of Rome, by which means the arts were brought to a flourishing condition. The Romans governed their provinces by consuls or pretors, and, though they did not interfere with the conquered tribes in their religious observances, they ruled them by the enlightened laws of Rome; and in this manner gave a uniform tone and consistency to the governments of almost every country.

The Roman government, which was originally monarchical, had for several centuries existed as a republic, and under this popular form the state attained that pitch of grandeur we have already described; but the time was now arrived when the corruptions of the commonwealth were too great to admit of any cure but an absolute government. The power on this occasion fell into the hands of Julius Cæsar, a person who has been justly famed for his extraordinary abilities as a general. The magnitude and extent of the military exploits of this distinguished soldier promoted him from the office of chief consul and dictator to that of emperor. But this elevated rank he did not long enjoy, being openly assassinated by a band of conspirators, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and about fourteen years after he began his extensive conquests. Before Julius Cæsar had been raised to the highest honours of his country, he was opposed in his ambitious designs by another distinguished leader, called Cato, who has been described as one of the most faultless characters in Roman history. This eminent patriot was, however, unable, by force of arms, to restore the liberties of the people, or to arrest Cæsar in his victorious and ambitious career. Being at last deserted by his friends, and dreading to fall into the hands of his enemy, after pondering a while on the nature of the immortality of the soul, he stabbed himself with his own sword. In committing this criminal act of suicide, Cato acted conformably to the harsh tenets of the ancient philosophers called Stoics, who maintained that life was a gift which all men might return to the donor when the present was no longer pleasing.

After Julius Cæsar, there ensued a long series of emperors of Rome, who possessed an almost unchecked sway over all orders of the people.* The second emperor, Augustus, or Augustus Cæsar, relinquished the ambitious designs of his predecessors; he endeavoured to consolidate the empire, instead of extending it to undue bounds, and introduced a spirit of moderation into the public councils hitherto unknown. Knowing the taste of the Romans, he indulged them in the pride of seeing the appearance of a republic, while he made them really happy in the effects of a most absolute monarchy, guided by the most consummate prudence. Historians delight in recounting the number of good deeds of Augustus, and the glories of his time; and from him the phrase of "the Augustan age," as applied by writers to periods in the history of nations remarkable for the prosperity and refinement which prevailed, has been derived. It was in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of this magnanimous prince that Jesus Christ was born, in the Roman province of Judea. In the year 14, Augustus was succeeded by Tiberius, a person of an entirely different character, and under whom the corruptions of the state became very perceptible. In the nineteenth year of his cruel reign, Christ was crucified, under Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Jerusalem. In the year 37, Tiberius was put to death, by smothering him with pillows, or, as some historians mention, by poison; and he was succeeded by Caligula, a person of vicious and still more cruel habits. He was also prodigal and extravagant to a degree almost inconceivable. The luxuries of former emperors were simplicity itself when compared to those which he practised. He contrived new ways of bathing, where the richest oils and most precious perfumes were exhausted with the utmost profusion. He found out dishes of immense value, and had even jewels, as we are told, dissolved among his sauces. He sometimes had services of pure gold presented before his guests instead of meat. But his prodigality was the most remarkable in regard to his horse. He built it a stable of

marble, and a manger of ivory. Whenever this animal, which he called Incitatus, was to run, he placed sentinels near its stable the night preceding, to prevent its slumbers from being broken. He appointed it a house, furniture, and a kitchen, in order to treat all its visitors with proper respect. He sometimes invited it to his own table, and presented it with gilt oats, and wine in a golden cup. He often swore by the safety of his horse; and historians mention, that he would have appointed it to a consulship, had not his death prevented. Caligula met a merited death by assassination, after a reign of less than four years; and of him it has been said, that nature seemed to have brought him forth, to show what was possible to be produced from the greatest vice, supported by the greatest authority. He was succeeded by Claudius, who was a feeble and contemptible emperor, and who was finally cut off by poison. Nero, the next emperor, was at once noted for his cruelty, his vanity, and his debased passions. The atrocities he committed go beyond the reach of language to describe, and are such as, perhaps, never entered into the mind of any other human being. All orders of men were at this time so depraved, that each seemed eager to contend which should be most instrumental in pushing him on to his excesses, and applauded him when he had committed them. A conspiracy, however, having been raised against him, and being at length hunted by assassins, he fell by a stroke of his own dagger. Of the succeeding emperors we need not here enter into a detail. Under Vespasian, the tenth, and Titus, the eleventh emperor, the state rallied a little, and justice and an appearance of decency were once more resumed; and under Trajan, the fourteenth emperor, were found the glories of the reign of Augustus. Trajan advanced the empire to a greater degree of splendour than it had hitherto acquired. He pursued his military conquests into new regions, even to Hindostan, and added greatly to the extent of the Roman territories; although this, however, was not ultimately attended with any good effect. Trajan is distinguished as the greatest and the best emperor of Rome. Having given peace and prosperity to the empire, he continued his reign, loved, honoured, and almost adored, by his subjects. A pillar commemorating his great actions, erected in Rome, is still in existence. His successor, Adrian, was also a good sovereign, and was distinguished for his abilities and literary acquirements. After this period, the empire was never under the authority of any emperor remarkable for his magnanimity. The greater part of the successors of Adrian were dissolute and vicious in their habits, and under them the empire waned to its close. The only one necessary to be noticed was Constantine, the forty-first emperor.

Constantine the Great, as he has been called, was the first emperor who embraced the Christian religion; yet this important event, which occurred about the year 311 of our common era, did not avert the evils which now pressed upon the Roman empire. Constantine most imprudently executed a resolution of transferring the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium, or Constantinople, as it was afterwards called in honour of his name. Whatever might have been the reasons which induced him to this undertaking—whether it was because he was offended at some affronts he had received at Rome, or that he supposed Constantinople more in the centre of the empire, or that he thought the eastern parts more required his presence, experience has shown that they were all weak and groundless. The empire had long before been in a most declining state; but this division of its strength in a great measure gave precipitation to its downfall.

For a considerable period the Roman dominions were pressed upon on nearly all sides by ferocious tribes of barbarians. Immense armies of these savages issued from the north of Europe, from countries beyond the boundaries of the Roman states, and laid the empire continually under contribution. These barbarians were at first unknown to the Romans, and for some time after had been only inconvenient to them. But they were now become formidable, and arose in such numbers, that the earth seemed to produce a new race of mankind, to complete the empire's destruction. The emperors who had to contend with this people were most of them furnished neither with courage nor conduct to oppose. Their residence in Asia, to which they too often went, seemed to enervate their manners; and their soldiers, following their example, became effeminate, and unable to defend the ancient glories of their name. A large body of an uncivilized people called Goths, having been called in to assist the regular forces of the empire, under the command of Alaric their king, this prince took advantage of the impotent condition of the government. From an ally he became a dangerous foe; and finally marching to Rome, made himself master of the city, which he abandoned to be pillaged by his soldiers. Rome was afterwards plundered several times, and Italy overrun by barbarous invaders, under various denominations, from the remotest skirts of Europe. The inhabitants of Rome, who had sunk into the deepest vices by the overpowering influence of wealth and prosperity, were quite unable to make any defence. So debased had they become, or so ill-regulated was the balance of wealth, that for many years the whole of the lower classes had been fed daily by the emperors from the public granaries. The power of the state was

* A number of the imperial successors of Julius Cæsar assumed the title of Cæsar, in addition to their other designations. In the same manner as we find the appellations of Pharaoh and Proteus were assumed by many of the Egyptian sovereigns. The name of Cæsar has been curiously enough preserved until modern times, in the title of Czar, which is given by the Russians to their monarchs.

now entirely broken; the provinces were voluntarily abandoned, or rebelled, or were seized by the nearest barbarous powers. At length the title of Emperor of the West, which, on one occasion, was put up to public auction by the licentious soldiery, expired; and, to finish the melancholy account, one of the princes of the barbarians assumed the title of *King of all Italy*. "Such" (to quote the words of Goldsmith) "was the end of this great empire, that had conquered mankind with its arms, and instructed the world with its wisdom; that had risen by temperance, and that fell by luxury; that had been established by a spirit of patriotism, and that sunk into ruin when the empire was become so extensive, that a Roman citizen was but an empty name." Its final dissolution took place in the 480th year of the Christian era, or 1232 years from the date of the foundation of Rome.

[It may be advantageous at another opportunity to follow up the foregoing articles with an account of what ensued on the fall of the Roman empire, so as to show the connexion betwixt the history of ancient and modern times.]

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE story is an old but not an ancient one: the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan; and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes, and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other, he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing* in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and, at the same time, so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left, sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the gathering of his clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution.

In this manner, he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red-deer species coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable; but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path; and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and, as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untameable love of sport peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which certainly

might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost, and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was found lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend), but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering, as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.—*From the Keepsake for 1832.*

THE FLOWING OF WATER.

WHEN we begin minutely to investigate the laws of nature, nothing strikes us more than the admirable practical utility to which they are all conducive. Thus, the laws which regulate fluids differ considerably from those of solid bodies, and we shall find this very difference of the most vital importance to man. The minute particles of which any solid body is composed, as a piece of metal or stone, are compacted or glued together, forming one mass, which can only be moved as a whole; when raised up, it falls to the earth, by the general law of gravitation; and when placed on the ground, it retains its original shape and form. But it is quite different with a quantity of fluid, as water. The minute particles of which a fluid is composed, are perfectly free and independent of each other; instead of adhering close together, they have rather a tendency to press off on all sides, and, with the least agitation of the mass, are in continual motion, rolling about among themselves. Thus, when a common drinking glass is filled with water, the particles of the water press upwards, downwards, and on all sides of the glass equally; and if the glass were suddenly broken, the water, instead of retaining its shape like a solid, would instantly spread itself out on all sides, till the particles became completely diffused. The law of all fluids, then, is to press equally on every side, and, when set at liberty, to run along, or diffuse themselves, till they find the lowest possible level. But there is another law of fluids worthy of being noticed; it is what is called *capillary attraction*, or the tendency which water has to rise up of itself through a porous body; as, for instance, seen in the rising of the liquid through a piece of sugar at the bottom of a tea-cup. The tendency which water has to rise in porous bodies, or to creep up, as it were, betwixt two very closely joined bodies, produces the phenomena of springs. The water rises from great depths in the earth betwixt the most minute crevices of the rocks, or through sandy soils, till it reach the surface, or settle into a pool at the bottom of a well. When it comes to the surface, its natural tendency to find the lowest level causes it to flow in the shape of streams and rivers, downwards to the ocean. In the common water-pump, two fluids are called into action. The atmospheric air, which is a permanently elastic fluid, is made, by its pressure, to raise or force up a column of water, by means of the simple contrivance of a two-valved pump. The air which surrounds the globe presses on every part of it with a downward force, equal to 14 lbs. on every square inch; but, like water, it has also an upward and lateral pressure. When the hollow tube of the pump is immersed in water, and the air from within it is exhausted by means of the piston and valves, a very great pressure is removed from the surface of the water contained within the tube; the balance of equilibrium is also taken off from the air adjoining, and it presses downwards with a force sufficient to raise up a corresponding column of fluid in the pump, and this is continued to be done with every additional stroke of the piston. It is found that a column of water 34 feet high is exactly the weight of a column of air of the same diameter, extending the whole height of the atmosphere. Accordingly, water can never rise in a pump higher than 34 feet; for when it comes to this height, the pressure of the air, and the weight of the column of water, are the same; and they therefore equalise each other. When water is required to be raised higher, it must be received into a cistern, and a second pump constructed, which will raise it other 34 feet; or a forcing pump may be used, the construction of which admits of animal power, or the force of machinery, to impel water through tubes to any given height.

When water is caused to flow in a confined manner, as in tubes, it has then a disposition to reach the exact level of the place from which it set out. Thus, if we fill a tea-kettle with water, we shall find that the fluid has risen as high in the tube outside as in the vessel itself. This grand natural law in regard to fluids has been of immense benefit to the human race. By taking advantage of it, pipes are made to convey water from the tops of hills, or high grounds, down to low situations, and from thence to the summits of

the highest houses in cities. In all this process, the water is just trying to find the level of the place from whence it flowed; and as soon as it reaches this height, it stands still, and will go no higher, unless force be applied. The science which relates to this subject is called *Hydraulics*.

The city of Edinburgh is supplied with water brought from a distance of ten miles. A stream of pure water is diverted from its meandering course, and conveyed, by a long line of pipes, to the town. The place where it first enters the aqueduct is elevated by many hundred feet above the highest houses of the city, so that in its course it observes a gradual descent. It climbs many a hill, and descends many a valley, however, in its progress; and one cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuity of art, thus leading a copious and pellucid stream of the valley, and ramifying it over every part of the city, to cleanse, and purify, and refresh the abodes of its inhabitants. Thus, from its abundant and constant supply, we are apt to overlook it, as we do the other free gifts of Heaven; but if we think for a moment how a spring of water has been prized by many nations in former times, and even by many in some regions of the earth at the present day—if we consider what some of our great cities, what London was not farther back than two centuries ago, the free supply of water, both for domestic purposes and for the ablation of streets and sewers, must be looked upon as not one of the least achievements of modern art and public spirit. Before the introduction of water-pipes, the city of Edinburgh was supplied by a few wells placed at considerable intervals on the streets. As these wells were the common resort of all, it was a matter of some difficulty, and occupied a considerable portion of a servant's time, to carry water for domestic use; while in many of the houses extending to eight or ten storeys, or flights of stairs, such toil was beyond the efforts of ordinary domestics. It was the practice then to employ persons for the purpose, called water-carriers, or carriers, and thus additional expense was superadded to a scanty supply. In London, at one period, matters were little better, and those writers who have treated of the plague have enumerated, among other evident causes of disease, the stagnant unwashed streets, and the imperfect supply of pure water.

It has been by many supposed that the Romans were ignorant of those properties of fluids, by which they could be conducted in pipes as above described, and they have formed this opinion from that people having made use of the expedient of aqueducts to convey water at the same level, thus leading it over valleys and digging through mountains, at an immense expense of labour and stupendous architecture. That the Romans were intimately acquainted with these laws of hydraulics, however, at least in the later periods of their empire, is now evident, from several fountains and jet-d'eaux having been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii; probably they had not this knowledge at the period when the aqueducts that supplied the city of Rome were first constructed; or, as some writers have suggested, perhaps the art of forming pipes of sufficient size or in sufficient numbers was unknown.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE second and lesser division of the Bible relates entirely to the Christian religion, or the fulfilment of that which was predicted in the preceding and more ancient department of the work. This division of the Sacred Scriptures is generally styled the *New Testament*; and that portion of it which relates to the history of the life of Christ is called the *Gospel*, and by some the *Evangel*, both these words having the same meaning, and implying *good news*, or *glad tidings*, from the circumstance that the narratives contain an account of things which are to benefit mankind.

The New Testament, like the Old, is a compilation of books written by different inspired individuals, and all put together in a manner so as to exhibit a regular account of the birth, actions, and death of Christ—the doctrines he promulgated—and the prophecies regarding the future state of the church which he founded. The historical books are the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, all these being of the character of narratives of events; the doctrinal are the Epistles of Saint Paul, and some others; the prophetic book is the last, and is called the Revelations, or Apocalypse of St John, having been written by that apostle while he was in the island of Patmos.

The writers of the books of the New Testament are generally well known, each having the name of the author affixed to it, with the exception of the Acts of the Apostles, which, it is presumed, was compiled by St Luke. It was long disputed whether St Paul was the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews; Tertullian, an ancient Christian writer, and some others, attribute it to St Barnabas; others to St Luke; and others to St Clement; while some think, with greater probability, that St Paul dictated it, and St Luke acted as the writer; and that the reason why the name of the true author was not affixed to it, was because he was disliked by the Jews. The four Evangelists, or writers of the leading narratives, are St Matthew, St Mark, St Luke, and St John; these having been companions to Christ during his ministrations, and therefore, personally acquainted with his life and

* A pastoral farm.

character. Each of the four books is principally a repetition of the history of Christ, yet they all possess a difference of style, and each mentions some circumstances omitted by the others, so that the whole is essential in making up a complete life of the Messiah. These distinctions in the tone of the narratives, and other peculiarities, are always considered as strong circumstantial evidence in proof of their authenticity, and of there having been no collusion on the part of the writers. But, indeed, the events they record are detailed in so exceedingly simple and unaffected a manner, that it is impossible to suppose that they were written with a view to impose on the credulity of mankind. The veracity and actual belief of the Evangelists themselves are placed beyond a doubt.

The first book is written by Matthew, who was by birth a Jew, and exercised the profession of a publican—that is, a collector of the public tax or assessment imposed upon the Jewish people by their conquerors, the Romans. Matthew, who was also called by the name of Levi, was one of the twelve apostles of Christ, and he is said to have written his narrative about eight years after the departure of his Master from the earth. Many of the ancients say that he wrote it in the Hebrew or Syriac language; but Dr Whitby is clearly of opinion that this tradition is entirely void of foundation, and that it was doubtless written in Greek, as the other parts of the New Testament were. Yet it is probable that there might be an edition of it in Hebrew, published by St Matthew himself, at the same time that he wrote it in Greek; the former for the Jews, the latter for the Gentiles, when he left Judea to preach among the heathens.

In regard to Mark, the writer of the second Gospel, it may be observed, that although *Mark* or *Marcus* was a Roman name, and a very common one, yet we have no reason to think but that he was by birth a Jew; but as Saul, when he went among the Gentiles, took the Roman name of Paul, so did this Evangelist take that of Mark, his Jewish name, perhaps, being *Marcus*, as Grotius observes. Jerome and Tertullian say, that he was a disciple of the Apostle Peter, and his interpreter or amanuensis. We have every reason to believe that both he and Luke were of the number of the seventy disciples who accompanied all along with the apostles, and who had a commission like to theirs; so that it is no diminution at all to the validity or value of this Gospel that Mark was not one of the Twelve, as Matthew and John were. Jerome says, that, after the writing of this Gospel, he went into Egypt, and was the first that preached the Gospel at Alexandria, where he founded a church, to which he was a great example of holy living.

The Gospel of St Mark is much shorter than that of Matthew, not giving so full an account of Christ's sermons as that did, but insisting chiefly on his miracles; and in regard to these also, it is very much a repetition of what we had in Matthew, many remarkable circumstances being added to the stories there related, but not many new matters. There is a tradition that it was first written in Latin, because it was written at Rome; but this is generally thought to be without foundation, and that it was written in Greek, as was St Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Greek being the more universal language.

Luke, the name of the third Evangelist, is considered by some to be a contraction of *Lucius*; and it is said by St Jerome to have been born at Antioch. Some think that he was the only one of all the penmen of the Scripture that was not of the Israelites; that he was a Jewish proselyte, and was converted to Christianity by the ministry of St Paul at Antioch, and, after his coming into Macedonia, he was his constant companion. He had employed himself in the study and practice of physic; and hence Paul calls him *Luke the beloved Physician*. It is more than probable, however, as is testified both by Origen and Epiphanius, that he was one of the seventy disciples, and a follower of Christ when he was upon earth; and, if so, he was most likely to be a native Israelite. Luke, most probably, wrote his Gospel at Rome, a little before he wrote his history of the *Acts of the Apostles*, which is a continuation of the former, when he was there with Paul, while he was a prisoner, and preaching in his own hired house, with which account the history of the *Acts* concludes. In this case, it must have been written about twenty-seven years after Christ's departure, and about the fourth year of the reign of Nero. Jerome says that St Luke died when he was eighty-four years of age, and that he was never married. Dr Cave observes, that "his way and manner of writing are accurate and exact, his style polite and elegant, sublime and lofty, yet perspicuous; and that he expresses himself in a vein of purer Greek than is to be found in the other writers of this holy history." Thus he relates several things more copiously than the other Evangelists, and thus especially treats of those things which relate to the priestly office of Christ.

The fourth Evangelist, John, was one of the sons of Zebedee, a fisherman of Galilee, the brother of James, one of the Twelve Apostles, and distinguished by the honourable appellation of *that disciple whom Jesus loved*. The ancients tell us that John lived longest of all the Apostles, and was the only one of them that died a natural death, all the rest suffering martyrdom; and some of them say that he wrote this Gospel at Ephesus, at the request of the ministers of the several churches of Asia, in order to combat certain heresies. It seems most probable that he com-

posed it before his banishment into the isle of Patmos, for there he wrote his *Revelations*, the close of which seems designed for the closing up of the canon of Scripture; in which case, this Gospel could not be written after. It is clear that he wrote last of the four Evangelists, and, comparing his Gospel with theirs, we may observe, that he relates what they had omitted; and thus gleans up what they had passed by.

These four Gospels were early and constantly received by the primitive church, and read in Christian assemblies, as appears by the writings of Justin Martyr and Irenæus, who lived little more than 100 years after the origin of Christianity; they declared that neither more nor fewer than four were received by the church. A Harmony of these four Evangelists was compiled by Tatian about that time, which he called *The Gospel out of the Four*. In the third and fourth centuries, there were gospels forged by divers sects, and published, one under the name of St Peter, another of St Thomas, another of St Philip, &c. But they were never owned by the church, nor was any credit given to them, as the learned Dr Whitby shows. And he gives this good reason why we should adhere to these written records, "because," says he, "whatever the pretences of tradition may be, it is not sufficient to preserve things with any certainty, as appears by experience. For whereas Christ said and did many memorable things, which were not written, tradition has not preserved any one of them to us, but all is lost except what was written; and that, therefore, is what we must abide by."

After the Gospel, or History of Jesus Christ, follows the history of what passed after his ascension, and was transacted by the Apostles. The book, therefore, which contains this history, is called *The Acts of the Apostles*. It is a history of the rising church for about the space of thirty years. It was written, as has been already observed, by St Luke the Evangelist, when he was with St Paul at Rome, during his imprisonment there. In the end of the book he mentions particularly his being with Paul in his dangerous voyage to Rome, when he was carried thither a prisoner; and it is evident that he was with him when, from his prison there, Paul wrote his epistles to the Colossians and Philemon, for in both of these he is named by him.

Next to this come the *Epistles of St Paul*, which are fourteen in number; one, to the Romans; two, to the Corinthians; one, to the Galatians; one, to the Ephesians; one, to the Philippians; one, to the Colossians; two, to the Thessalonians; two, to Timothy; one, to Titus; one, to Philemon; and one, to the Hebrews. They contain that part of ecclesiastical history which immediately follows after what is related in *The Acts*. The principal matter contained in them is the establishment or confirmation of the doctrine which Jesus Christ taught his disciples. According as the difficulties which raised disputes among the Christians, or the heresies which sprung up in the church from the first age of it, required, St Paul in these epistles clears up and proves all matters of faith, and gives excellent rules for morality. His epistles may be considered as a commentary on, or an interpretation of, the four books of the Gospel.

The Epistle to the *Romans* is placed first, not because of the priority of its date, but on account of its superlative excellence, it being one of the longest and fullest of all, and, perhaps, also, on account of the dignity of the place to which it is written. It is gathered from some passages in the epistle, that it was written in the year of Christ 56, from Corinth, while Paul made a short stay there in his way to Troas. He was then going up to Jerusalem, with the money that was given to the poor saints there; which is spoken of in the fifteenth chapter of the epistle.

The two Epistles to the *Corinthians* were written about a year after that to the *Romans*, viz. A.D. 57; that to the *Galatians*, A.D. 56; to the *Ephesians*, A.D. 61; to the *Philippians*, A.D. 62; to the *Colossians*, A.D. 62; two to the *Thessalonians*, A.D. 51 and 52; the first to *Timothy*, A.D. 64; the second to *Timothy*, A.D. 66; to *Titus*, A.D. 63; to *Philemon*, A.D. 62; and that to the *Hebrews*, A.D. 62. From which chronology it appears, that the Epistles of St Paul are placed in the New Testament rather according to the dignity of the cities to which they were sent, than according to the order of time in which they were written; for the Epistles to the Thessalonians were those he wrote first, though that to the Romans is placed before them. Interpreters are agreed that the last epistle which he wrote was the second to *Timothy*.

St Paul wrote to the churches of some particular places, or to some particular persons; but the other epistles which follow his are called *Catholic*, because, with the exception of the second and third of St John, they were not addressed to any particular church, or individual, as his were, but to the whole church in general. These are, one, of St James; two, of St Peter; three, of St John; and one, of St Jude.

The date of most of these epistles is extremely uncertain, but the most generally received chronology of them is as follows:—That of St James, A.D. 61; of St Peter, A.D. 66 and 67; of St John, A.D. 80 and 90; of St Jude, A.D. 66.

It has sometimes occurred to the minds of many well-disposed persons, that it would have been better for Christianity had there never been any other record of its origin and doctrines than the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. But however plain and satisfactory the histories of these Evangelists may be,

and however little they admit of controversy, it has to be remembered that it required the strong arguments and illustrations brought forward in the Epistles by Paul and others, to combat the sophistry of the Greeks, and the self-sufficient philosophies of other races of men. Paul, the chief of the epistle writers, who became a Christian by conversion, after Christ had departed from the earth, is the great champion of the faith, and exposes, in strong and dauntless language, the hidden depravities of the human heart; so that where the affecting discourses and sufferings of the Messiah fail to convert and to convince, the reasoning of this great writer is calculated to silence and subdue those who stubbornly resist the benignant influence of the Christian faith.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, the author of a variety of productions in light literature, and whose life furnishes an example of the success which often attends the ardent pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, was born in London in the year 1745, at which time his father wrought as a shoemaker, and his mother dealt in greens and oysters. His father, who seems to have been a person of unsettled habits, though a well-meaning and upright man, knew very little of his business, to which he had not been regularly bred, and, in spite of the exertions both of himself and his wife, his affairs did not prosper. When young Holcroft was about six years old, the family were suddenly removed from London to a place in Berkshire, beyond Ascot Heath, where they remained for about twelve months. Thomas had as yet only been for a short time at a school where children were sent rather to keep them out of harm's way than to learn anything, and to which he used to be carried by an apprentice of his father's. This lad afterwards gained his warmest gratitude by making him a present of the first two books he ever possessed, the one being the History of Parismus and Parismenes, already mentioned as one of Gifford's early literary companions, and the other the Seven Champions of Christendom. It was while they resided in Berkshire that his father began teaching him to read. "The task," says he, "at first I found difficult, till the idea one day suddenly seized me, of catching all the sounds I had been taught from the arrangement of the letters; and my joy at this amazing discovery was so great, that the recollection of it has never been effaced. After that my progress was so rapid, that it astonished my father. He boasted of me to every body; and that I might lose no time, the task he set me was eleven chapters a-day in the Old Testament. I might, indeed, have deceived my father by skipping some of the chapters, but a dawning regard for truth, aided by the love I had of reading, and the wonderful histories I sometimes found in the Sacred Writings, generally induced me to go through the whole of my task. One day as I was sitting at the gate with my Bible in my hand, a neighbouring farmer, coming to see my father, asked me if I could read the Bible already. I answered, yes; and he desired me to let him hear me. I began at the place where the book was open, read fluently, and afterwards told him, that, if he pleased, he should hear the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. At this he seemed still more amazed, and wishing to be convinced, bade me read. After listening till he found I could really pronounce the uncouth Hebrew names so much better, and more easily, than he supposed to be within the power of so young a child, he patted my head, gave me a penny, and said I was an uncommon boy. It would be hard to say whether his praise or his gift was most flattering to me. Soon after, my father's apprentice, the kind-hearted Dick, who came backward and forward to my father on his affairs, brought me the two delightful histories I have above mentioned, which were among those then called Chapman's Books. It was scarcely possible for any thing to have been more grateful to me than this present. Parismus and Parismenes, with all the adventures detailed in the Seven Champions of Christendom, were soon as familiar to me as my catechism, or the daily prayers I repeated kneeling before my father."

On leaving their house in Berkshire, the family were obliged to adopt a wandering life, the mother turning pedlar, and hawking her wares through the outskirts and neighbourhood of London, while her son trotted after her, and the father, after a vain attempt to obtain some regular employment, in a short time joining the party, who now extended their peregrinations to remote parts of the country. While leading this life, they endured the greatest hardships, and upon one occasion, were so severely pressed, that Thomas was sent to beg from house to house in a village where they happened to be. At length the father managed to buy two or three asses, which he loaded with hampers of apples and pears, and drove about through the country. But this apparent improvement in their circumstances afforded no alleviation to the sufferings of the poor boy. "The bad nourishment I met with," says he; "the cold and wretched manner in which I was clothed; and the excessive weariness I endured in following these animals day after day, and being obliged to drive creatures perhaps still more weary than myself, were miseries much too great, and loaded my little heart with sorrows far too pungent ever to be forgotten. Bye roads and high roads were alike to be traversed, but the former far the oftener, for they were then almost innumerable, and the state of

them in winter would scarcely at present be believed." In one instance he mentions that he travelled on foot thirty miles in one day; and he was at this time only a child of about ten years old. During all this time, he made little or no progress in reading. "I was too much pressed," he says, "by fatigue, hunger, cold, and nakedness." Yet as he continued to repeat his prayers and catechism morning and evening, and to read the Prayer-book and Bible on Sundays, he, at least, did not forget what he had formerly learned. On one occasion, too, he states, that the ballad of Chevy Chase having fallen into his hands, his father, who was very proud of what he conceived to be his son's talents, and particularly of his memory, set him to get by heart the whole song, by way of task, which he performed, in the midst of his toils, in three days. His father gave him a halfpenny for the achievement, which made him think himself at the time quite a rich man.

When in his eleventh or twelfth year, having been present at the Nottingham races, he was so much struck by the contrast between his own mean and ragged condition, and that of the clean, well-fed, and well-clothed stable-boys, that he determined to try if he could not find a master to engage him in that capacity in Newmarket. After much perseverance, and being turned off upon a short trial, first by one master, and then by another, from the little knowledge he was found to have of riding, he was at last taken into the service of a person who was considerate enough not to expect him to be a finished groom almost before he could have ever mounted a horse. He very soon began to distinguish himself by his experience in his new occupation; and the language in which he speaks of his change of circumstances forcibly paints his sense of the miseries from which he had been extricated. Alluding to the hearty meal which he and his companions were wont to make every morning at nine o'clock, after four hours' exercise of their horses, he says, "Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast: what, then, may not be said of mine, who had so long been used to suffer hunger, and so seldom found the means of satisfying it? For my own part," he adds, "so total and striking was the change which had taken place in my situation, that I could not but feel it very sensibly. I was more conscious of it than most boys would have been, and therefore not a little satisfied. The former part of my life had most of it been spent in turmoil, and often in singular wretchedness. I had been exposed to every want, every weariness, and every occasion of despondency, except that such poor sufferers become reconciled to, and almost insensible of, suffering; and boyhood and beggary are fortunately not prone to despond. Happy had been the meal where I had enough; rich to me was the rag that kept me warm; and heavenly the pillow, no matter what, or how hard, on which I could lay my head to sleep. Now I was warmly clothed, lay gorgeously; for I was proud of my new livery, and never suspected that there was disgrace in it; I fed voluptuously, not a prince on earth perhaps with half the appetite, and never-failing relish; and instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt after the most sluggish, obstinate, and despised amongst our animals, I was mounted on the noblest that the earth contains, had him under my care, and was borne by him over hill and dale, far outstripping the wings of the wind. Was not this a change such as might excite reflection even in the mind of a boy?"

We must, however, pass over the account which he gives of his life as a stable-boy, interesting as many of the details are into which he enters. During his wanderings through the country with his father, as has been already mentioned, he had scarcely had any opportunity of extending his knowledge of books; the Bible, and such old ballads as he met with by chance on the walls of cottages and ale-houses, constituting all his reading. "Books were not then," he remarks, "as they fortunately are now, great or small, on this subject or on that, to be found in almost every house. A book, except of prayers, or of daily religious use, was scarcely to be seen but among the opulent, or in the possession of the studious; and by the opulent they were often disregarded with a degree of neglect which would now be almost disgraceful." For some time after his arrival at Newmarket, he was not much better off. In about half a year, however, his father followed him to that place, where he at first found a little employment at his old trade of making shoes; and one of his shopmates, who happened to be fond of books, and to be in possession of a few, occasionally lent young Holcroft a volume from his collection. Among other works, this person put into his hands 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Spectator,' with which, the former especially, he was much delighted. He mentions, also, the 'Whole Duty of Man,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and other religious books, as at this time among his chief favourites. As he was one day passing the church, he heard some voices singing, and was immediately seized with a strong desire to learn the art. Having approached the church door, he found the persons within engaged in singing in four parts, under the direction of a Mr Langham. They asked him to join them, and his voice and ear being pronounced good, it was agreed that he should be taken into the class; the master offering to give up the entrance money of five shillings, in consideration of his being but a boy, whose wages could not be great, and the others agreeing to let him sing out of their books. "From the little," he proceeds, "I that day learned, and from

another lesson or two, I obtained a tolerable conception of striking intervals upwards or downwards, such as the third, the fourth, and the remainder of the octave, the chief feature in which I soon understood; but of course I found most difficulty in the third, sixth, and seventh. Previously, however, to any great progress, I was obliged to purchase 'Arnold's Psalmody;' and, studious over this divine treasure, I passed many a forenoon extended in the hay-loft."

His wages were four pounds a-year, and he paid five shillings a quarter to his singing master; but upon Mr Langham offering to give him lessons in arithmetic also for as much more, he agreed to the proposal, and attended him daily for three months. In that time he got so far as Practice, and the Rule-of-Three. "Except what I have already related," says he, "these three months, as far as others were concerned, may be truly called my course of education. At the age of two or three and thirty, indeed, when I was endeavouring to acquire the French language, I paid a Monsieur Raymond twenty shillings for a few lessons, but the good he did me was so little that it was money thrown away. At Newmarket, I was so intent on studying arithmetic, that for want of better apparatus I have often got an old nail, and cast up sums on the palling of the stable-yard." This will remind the reader of Gifford, with his leather for paper, and his blunted awl for a pen.

Holcroft continued at Newmarket for about two years and a half, when he determined to go to London once more to join his father, who now kept a cobbler's stall in South Audley Street. "My mind," he says, "having its own somewhat peculiar bias, circumstances had rather concurred to disgust me than to invite my stay. I despised my companions for the grossness of their ideas, and the total absence of every pursuit in which the mind appeared to have any share. It was even with sneers of contempt that they saw me intent on acquiring some small portion of knowledge; so that I was far from having any prompter either as a friend or a rival." He was at this time nearly sixteen. For some years he continued to make shoes with his father, and at last became an able workman. But he grew every day fonder of reading; and whenever he had a shilling to spare, spent it, we are told, in purchasing books. In 1768, having married, he attempted to open a school for teaching children to read, at Liverpool, but was obliged to abandon the project in about a year, when he returned to town, and resumed his trade of a shoemaker. Beside his dislike to this occupation, however, on other accounts, it brought back an asthmatic complaint he had had when a boy; and every consideration made him resolve to endeavour to escape from it. Even at this time he had become a writer for the newspapers, the editor of the 'Whitehall Evening Post' giving him five shillings a column for some essays which he sent to that journal. He again attempted to open a school in the neighbourhood of London; but after living for three months on potatoes and butter-milk, and obtaining only one scholar, he once more returned to town. Having acquired some notions of elocution at a debating club which he had been in the habit of attending, he next thought of going on the stage, and obtained an engagement from the manager of the Dublin Theatre, at a poor salary, which was very ill paid. He was so ill treated, indeed, in this situation, that he was obliged to leave it in about half a year. He then joined a strolling company in the north of England, and wandered about as an itinerant actor for seven years, during which time he suffered a great deal of misery, and was often reduced almost to starving. In the midst of all his sufferings, however, he retained his love of books, and had made himself extensively conversant with English literature. At last, in the end of the year 1777, he came up to London, and by means of an introduction to Mr Sheridan, obtained an engagement in a subordinate capacity at Drury Lane. He had just before this, as a desperate resource, sat down to compose a farce, which he called 'The Crisis;' and this turned out the commencement of a busy and extended literary career. The farce, although only acted once, was well received, and it soon encouraged him to new efforts of the same kind. Yet he continued for many years involved in difficulties, from which it required all his exertions to extricate himself. The remainder of Mr Holcroft's history, with the exception of a short but stormy period, during which he was subjected to very severe usage on account of certain political opinions which he was supposed to hold, is merely that of a life of authorship. He never became a good actor, and after some time dedicated himself entirely to literary occupation. His industry in his new profession is abundantly evidenced by the long list of his works, which comprise several of high talent and established popularity. In his maturer years, beside many other acquirements, he made himself master of the French and German languages, from both of which he executed several well-known translations.

Mr Holcroft died in 1800. His life is in many respects admirably calculated to answer the design which he had in view, he tells us, in writing the account of the early part of it, namely, "to excite an ardent emulation in the breasts of youthful readers, by shewing them how difficulties may be endured, how they may be overcome, and how they may at last contribute, as a school of instruction, to bring forth hidden talent."+

+ Abridged from an account in Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

THE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following excellent story, exemplifying the danger of giving way to the passion of anger, is given in a charming little book, entitled *The Infant Annual* (published by Wagh and Innes of Edinburgh, Whitaker and Co., London, and Curry and Co., Dublin), and which is eminently suited to cultivate virtuous principles in the minds of children.

"Little Harriet M— was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When any thing teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day as her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out, 'I don't love you, Mary, I don't love you; I hate you.' She stopped when she saw her mamma. 'What is the meaning of all this?' said Mrs M. to the servant. 'It is just this, ma'am,' said the servant, 'that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me and struck me as you have seen.' Mrs M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: 'Oh, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it: oh, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen.' Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice, 'Not quite, mamma; but it's better.' 'Very well,' said her mother, 'until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper: Lord and Lady — were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful: but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad-temper; like you, she got into transports of rage, when any thing vexed her, and, like you, would turn at, or strike, whoever provoked her: like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. 'You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will;' and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her, 'Come, come, miss, you needn't go to your mamma's room; she won't see you now.' Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. 'My dear,' said this person, 'you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now.' She would have said more; she would have told Eveline that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and, carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, 'that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room.' Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out a-laughing, and said, 'I told you that, miss; you see mamma doesn't love you now!' The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch over it was lying asleep upon her chair; and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble struggling cry, and breathed no more. 'Why, mamma, mamma,' cried Harriet, bursting

into tears, 'why did it breathe no more?' 'It was dead—killed by its own sister.' 'Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh, mamma! I am not so wicked as her; I never killed a little baby,' sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck. 'My dear child,' said Mrs. M. solemnly, 'how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked, and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to bed.' 'And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?' 'Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom.' 'Oh, dear—oh, dear mamma—was Eveline sorry?' 'My love, how can you ask such a question?' 'But, mamma, I mean how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough?' 'Indeed, Harriet, it is not easy to know or to tell how she could be sorry enough. All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile.' 'And, mamma, was it a quite true story?' 'It is so dreadful, mamma.' 'Yes, my child, it is a quite true story; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E—L.' 'My dearest mamma,' said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, 'let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become so miserable.' 'Yes, my love, pray to him for that, and he will hear and bless you; but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage.'

The Editor of the London Literary Gazette, in noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief of it being perfectly true. The unfortunate angry child (says he) was Anna Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honours. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known.

UNROOFING THE KIRK OF TULLIBODY.

THE parish of Tullibody, in Clackmannanshire, now united with Alloa, was, before the Reformation, an independent ecclesiastical district. The manner in which it lost its separate character is curious. In the year 1559, when Monsieur d'Oysel commanded the French troops on the coast of Fife, they were alarmed by the arrival of the English fleet, and thought of nothing but a hasty retreat. It was in the month of January, and at the breaking of a great storm. William Kirkaldy of Grange, commander of the congregational forces, attentive to the circumstances in which his enemies were caught, took advantage of this situation, and marched with great expedition towards Stirling, and cut the bridge of Tullibody, which was over the Devon, to prevent their retreat. By this manœuvre the French found themselves completely enclosed. They were driven to an extremity which obliged them to resort to an extraordinary expedient to effect their escape. They lifted the roof off the church of Tullibody, and laid it along the broken part of the bridge, by which means they effected a safe retreat to Stirling.

Such a dilapidation of the church caused the Tullibodians to proceed to the adjacent kirk of Alloa, and, in a short time, the parish ceased to be independent. The burying ground around the ancient place of worship, now repaired, still remains; and on the north side of it, where there had been formerly an entry, there is a stone coffin, with a niche for the head, and two for the arms, covered with a thick hollowed lid, like a tureen. The lid is a good deal broken, but a curious tradition is preserved of the coffin. It is related that in early times a young lady of the neigh-

bourhood had declared her affection for the minister, who, either from his station, or want of inclination, made no returns. So vexed was the lady on perceiving his indifference, that, in a short while, she sickened, and at last died of grief. While on her deathbed, she left it as her last request, that she should not be buried in the earth, but that her body should be placed in a stone coffin, and laid at the entry to the church; which was done, and, till this day, the stone retains the name of the *Maiden's Stone*.

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

THE best systems of artificial memory, though in diligent hands they produce a surprising effect, depend upon very simple principles. Every person uses a kind of artificial memory, when he endeavours to fix in his mind any thing he is little acquainted with, by means of another which he knows better. A person, for instance, wishes to recollect a house where he has some business, and for that purpose he notices that it is the third door, or fourth door, from some well-known corner: by this mark he will not fail to retrace it. A stranger, again, is often recollected when seen in company with one of our acquaintance, though we could never have called him to remembrance if he had passed us alone. Many schemes of artificial memory have been framed, but they depend merely on a systematic application of the principles we have mentioned, and differ from one another only in the ingenuity with which these are applied.

In passing along a road which we have formerly travelled with a friend, the sight of the different objects, as they come in view, often recalls the subjects of conversation which occurred at the same points in our first journey. We recollect every topic with the utmost freshness; and if there were any new ideas or remarkable expressions, the sight of the tree, ford, or narrow lane, where they were started, seldom fails to recall them. It is plain, therefore, that if we wished to imprint the contents of a book on our memory, we may be greatly assisted by reading it in the same way, as we pass along some favourite walk, associating each of its topics with remarkable points in the scenery. If every subject be thus, as it were, tied to some conspicuous point in regular succession, the facility of recollection which will be gained will be found of the greatest advantage; and long lists of facts may be exactly committed to memory, which otherwise we would hardly have thought of attempting to remember. In a town, let any one take, in regular succession, the streets which branch off from some principal line of thoroughfare, and if their names and order be familiar to him, he may use them in this way as resting places for his memory, where he may have arranged great numbers of circumstances which the mind could not otherwise have retained. Lists of the kings of England have in this way been taught to children effectually in two lessons, merely by connecting the successive names with some series of familiar streets, or well-known objects on a public road.

Instead of taking any succession of objects out of doors, it is sometimes convenient to use merely the walls of a room, and the familiar objects which occupy places upon them; if there be a number of pictures in the room, for instance, we may commit to memory a list of names by attaching each to one of the pictures in the order of their arrangement; and the names will not fail to recur as often as we choose to recall them in that connection. This method was reduced to system, and taught with great success, by a German professor, Mr Feinaigle; and in another paper we may perhaps give the details of his plan.

At present we shall only explain the same person's ingenious mode of teaching the memory of numbers. The simplicity of the process will be immediately apparent; and any person who practises it for two days, will acquire a facility in recollecting dates and numbers of which otherwise he could have had little idea.

The first thing to be done is to assign for each numeral figure a letter of the alphabet, which is to stand for it on all occasions. It is on this that the whole artifice depends; and the learner must first make himself familiar with these substitutions (which may be done in 20 minutes) before proceeding further. For the figure 1, use the letter *t*, because it is a single stroke.

For 2, use *n*, because it is two strokes combined.

For 3, use *m*, because it is three strokes.

For 4, use *r*, because *r* is found in the word denoting four in most languages.

For 5, use *l*, because in Roman numerals *L* denotes 5 tens.

For 6, use *d*, because the written *d* resembles 6 reversed.

For 7, use *k*, because *k* resembles two 7's joined at top; and for this figure use also *g*, *c* (hard), because they are all letters formed in the throat (gutturals), like the first one, *k*.

For 8, use *h*, which in writing is often made to resemble 8 a good deal; use also *v*, which is like an 8; and *e*, which is half of *v*.

9 is represented by *p*, from the similarity of figure; and also by *f*, both of which are united in the word *puff*, which proceeds from a pipe like a 9 figure.

For 0, use *s*, *z*, or *x*, for this reason, that *O* is like a grindstone, which gives out a hissing noise like these letters when it is in motion.

The reasons given for our choice of letters to represent the different figures will appear whimsical; but it must be recollected that they are adopted merely to assist memory, and that their oddity is, therefore, a recommendation rather than an objection. It will be observed, that neither *h* nor any of the vowels represent any figure.

This table of letters is applied to use as follows:—Suppose a person wishes, for instance, to recollect the numbers 547: 5 is represented by *t*; 4 by *r*; 7 by *k*; hence we have here *t*, *r*, *k*; among these letters insert the vowel *a*, and there will be *lark*, a word easily to be remembered; and as the vowel *a* denotes no figure, no mistake can arise from it to confuse the memory; so that the word *lark* on all occasions will be the sign for 547. The year in which King William the Fourth was born is 1765; here we have *t*, *k* (or *g*), *d*, *l*; by inserting vowels, and the letter *h* (which signifies no figure), these form the word *lark*; and in that shape will hardly escape the memory. The Queen was born in the year 1794; we have here *t*, *k*, *p* (or *f*), *r*; and by inserting vowels at pleasure, we make the words *they yoke fair*; a combination ludicrous enough, which will, however, greatly assist the memory as to the date, and that is all that is wanted.

Suppose we wish to recollect the dates of some principal geographical discoveries:

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered in 1486; here we have the letters *t*, *r*, *v*, *d*; these become *tar-wood*: there is a fable that the wreck of a Carthaginian ship was found here on its first discovery, which will make the word *tar-wood* memorable.

America was discovered in 1492: these figures are represented by *t*, *r*, *p*, *n*; which by inserting vowels become *to rapine*, because that discovery led to rapine by the first Spaniards.

The great South Sea was first discovered by Nunez de Balboa in 1513: this is *t*, *l*, *t*, *m*; by inserting *h*, and vowels, these letters form *tell them*; an expression denoting the importance of that discovery.

The Straits of Magellan were discovered in 1519; these figures become *t*, *l*, *t*, *p*; and may read *it let up*; because this strait let up the navigators into the land, and through to the Pacific Ocean.

New Holland was first discovered in 1525: *THE LONELY*, because it is a lonely or insulated continent.

Baffin's Bay, discovered in 1616: *thy duty do*, because Baffin's accuracy in this discovery, after being a long time doubted, was at last verified.

By these examples the method will now be sufficiently understood; and the reader may go on applying it to other cases as he finds occasion.

When it is required to recollect a long list of numbers in regular succession, the object may be effected by forming words out of each of them, and attaching the ideas belonging to these to any series of familiar objects. If we wish to recollect, for example, the numbers 748, 954, 7430, 241: take a road where we know four or five objects in succession—say, a house, a tree, a hay-stack, a mill; then we have for 748, *crin*, and we call the house a *crib*; next for 954, we have *flower*; there is a flower on the tree; for 7430, we have *grey mouse* in the hay-stack; and for 241, there is one rat in the mill. When we recall the principal objects according to their order, the numbers will also be remembered.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

WE beg to recommend to the attention of our readers, but especially the young, and those taking an interest in the delightful study of Natural History, a new periodical work, at a low price, entitled 'The Field Naturalist's Magazine,' conducted by Professor Rennie, of the King's College, London. In the first number there occur several pleasing papers; among others, one on the Migration of Birds, which we present as a specimen of the style in which the work is written.

"I shall here give some observations on the periodical and frequently long journeys performed by several species of erratic birds, and on the points of re-union and departure which they appear to select. The yearlings and the old ones rarely go together in these journeys, which are more or less extended, as the necessity of seeking a fresh supply of food for other climates, obliges them to quit those places which fail at certain seasons to furnish them with the means of subsistence. I think I have traced the separation of families, and their re-union in bands, of ages more or less equal, to a very natural cause, produced by the difference in the time of moulting in the old and young; and this also appears to be the cause that the bands composed of adults migrate to a much greater distance, whether in autumn, or at their return in spring, than the bands composed of young ones, which do not, in either season, extend their journey so far. The plumage of these birds being still imperfect, and the colours not yet durable, they are generally one or two years old before they are in a state to breed; they then choose those places where adults of their own species do not build their nests, the latter always expelling them from the districts which are to give birth to a new progeny. When the old ones extend their journey to the arctic regions, those of one or two years old are found in the middle countries of Europe, and when the old ones choose the temperate climates the young ones remain at the south, or at farthest:

not pass the seas which separate Europe from the northern parts of Africa; countries in which the greater number of the largest species of our erratic birds, that do not perfect their growth within the first year, choose to reside in winter. It is from these countries, or the numerous islands of the Archipelago, and those of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Venice, that they set off on their return in the spring; numerous flocks are then seen on all our southern coasts, especially where the sea forms large gulfs, such as the Archipelago, the Adriatic Gulf, and those of Genoa and Lyons. These meetings continue eight, ten, or at most fifteen days; in which time the passage of those countries is completed.

The routes taken by water-fowl and birds which frequent marshes, depend very much on the course of rivers, and the beds of the great lakes; the waters furnishing to each species its proper food, they seem to be impelled, by a wonderful instinct, to choose for a rallying point and place of departure, those spots whence the passage from the great sea to the lakes and rivers is shortest and least occupied by land. Thus the bands that assemble on the environs of Genoa and Lyons repair forthwith to the banks of the Po; following afterwards the passes of the great valleys of the Alps, which descend into Piedmont, they rise above the mountains, where different species of the birds in question are annually killed. From these points they appear to direct their flight towards the great lakes of Switzerland, particularly that of Geneva, which all the water and fen birds of Europe resort to for a short period, or pass more or less regularly; from this they seem to continue their journey by the lakes of Morat, Neuchâtel, and Bienné, and repair to the Rhine, the course of which they follow, and thus arrive at the Baltic, the great inland, and North Seas. These companies, already less numerous when they arrive in the north, disperse themselves soon afterwards. At this period, the individuals pair and attend to the wants of their new progeny. The route most frequented by all the water-birds is along the borders of the sea: those which come from the Gulf of Gascony, from Spain, and the coasts of Barbary, appear to follow that only; several species of waders follow it uniformly; and the same route is taken by all those birds which are unprovided with powerful means of flight. The divers, the grebes, and other fresh water-fowl, which seldom fly when occupied with the cares of pairing and breeding, are, however, endowed with great powers for this action; their flight is vigorous and long sustained; they rise even above the high mountains, for it is not rare to find individuals of those species on the lakes of the Alps, where the waders and web-footed species are often killed. It appears that the great flocks which assemble in the Ionian Isles, and the vast marshes between Venice and Trieste, follow in their travels the course of the Tagliamento, to arrive at the lakes in the environs of Villach and Klagenfurt; they visit the immense marshes which form the lakes Balaton and Neuzid, where several species remain, while others re-ascend the Danube, and continue their journey to the Baltic Sea. On the lakes of Hungary, and upon the Danube, several species are found, which also visit the shores of the ocean. It appears to me that the species most peculiar to the western countries assemble in the Archipelago, and on the borders of the Black Sea; they re-ascend the Danube, and, following the course of the river, arrive in Hungary and Austria, countries that abound with various species of birds, in great numbers. I have not travelled over the whole extent of country crossed by the birds in the latter migration, nor that which takes place from the Gulf of Lyons by the mouths of the Rhone, along that river, and by the Doubs, the way by which their companions reach the Rhine. The banks of this river are peopled in spring and autumn by a great number of birds: we find in the part which forms the boundary of the western countries of Germany, all the species which go by the shores of the ocean and the Baltic Sea.

It is, however, very rarely that we see companies composed of old ones; these seem to come more frequently by chance, and separately: the yearlings of almost every species pass regularly by these parts of the sea, and they are generally young individuals, or only one or two years old, such as are killed on the great lakes of Switzerland and Italy. It should be understood that the species which do not continue their periodical journey so far as the North Sea and the Baltic, are exceptions; the old ones among the latter never stray to the northern climates, and it would be an extremely rare circumstance to find a young one there."

SLOW POISON.

PREPARATIONS having the power of weakening the vital powers, and finally cutting short the life of human beings, were at one time used to an incredible extent for the purpose of private murder; and no where with greater skill than in Italy—a country where assassination has always, in modern times, been deemed a light crime. The atrocities committed in Italy and France during the seventeenth century, by these diabolical preparations, have been noticed by Professor Beckmann, in his History of Inventions and Discoveries, in a narrative fitted to interest the reader.

"It was remarked at Rome (says he), about the year 1630, that many young married ladies suddenly became widows, and many husbands who were known

to have become disagreeable to their wives unexpectedly died. Suspicion fell on a society of females under the direction of an old woman, who pretended to foretell future events, and who had in fact correctly predicted the death of many persons, to those who were interested in the event. A spy was employed, who introduced herself to this sorceress as a person of distinction, suffering under the tyranny of an imperious husband, of whom she wished to be rid; and by means of this stratagem her secret was detected. The whole society were then arrested, and put to the torture; and the hag herself, whose name was Hieronyma Spara, along with several others, publicly executed. It appeared that many of the Roman nobility were implicated in this affair; and, notwithstanding the severity with which it was visited, traces of the same suspicious practices were remarked for a long time afterwards. Spara was a Sicilian, and was said to have acquired her knowledge from the celebrated Tofania; but the difference of their age renders it more probable that she was the instructress of the latter.

Tofania, if not the inventress of the far-famed drops which from her obtained the name of *aqua tofana*, at least carried the diabolical art of preparing them to the greatest perfection. She first resided at Palermo, but afterwards at Naples, where she was more particularly known, and whence the drops have also been commonly called *acquetti di Napoli*. There was, at Bari, in the kingdom of Naples, a miraculous oil, said to distil from the tomb of St Nicholas; and the credulity of the people inducing them to employ it as a remedy for certain disorders, it was sold in small glass phials bearing the image of the saint, and an inscription purporting that they contained '*manna of St Nicholas of Bari*.' The apparent sanctity of these securing them from suspicion, Tofania employed them for the distribution of her drops; but it seems that, like her friend Spara, she reserved them for the service of those of her own sex to whom the yoke of matrimony had become irksome; and if the history of those times be not incorrect, the toilet of few married ladies of distinction at Naples, and other parts of Italy, was without a phial of the precious manna. This poison was limpid and tasteless as pure water, so that it was impossible to guard against its attacks; a few drops, administered at different periods, were sufficient to destroy a man by slow and imperceptible degrees; and it was supposed, that through its effects not fewer than six hundred persons perished.

Tofania lived to a great age; but suspicion having at length fallen on her, she took refuge in a monastery, from which she was dragged by the officers of justice, notwithstanding an outcry raised by the clergy at the violation of ecclesiastical privilege. Being put to the rack, she confessed her crimes, and acknowledged that, the day before she absconded, she had forwarded two boxes of *manna* to Rome, where it was actually found in the custumhouse; but it never appeared who had ordered it. She was afterwards, it is said, privately strangled; but in the accounts of her fate there is considerable discrepancy; for Labat says that she was arrested in 1700; Keyser, another traveller, affirms, on the contrary, that she was still living at Naples in 1730, and resided in a convent, in which she was protected as in a sacred sanctuary, and where many strangers used to visit her from motives of curiosity; and Garelli, who was physician to Charles the Sixth, King of the Two Sicilies, and whose authority on this point is most to be relied on, writes to a friend, about 1719, that she was still in prison at Naples.

This infamous art, however, no where ever excited greater interest than at Paris. About the year 1670, Margaret d'Aubray, wife of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, a nobleman of large fortune, attached herself to a young officer of a distinguished but needy family, named Godin de Ste. Croix. After a short period, she lost her husband, whose property she had partly dissipated; and still openly continuing her intimacy with De Ste. Croix, her father procured a *lettre de cachet*, had him arrested, and thrown into the Bastille. He there got acquainted with an Italian, who instructed him in the manner of preparing poisons. After a year's imprisonment, he was released, and immediately flew to the Marchioness, to whom he communicated the baneful art, which she undertook to practise for the improvement of their circumstances. She then assumed the garb of a nun of the order of *Les Sœurs de la Charité*, distributed food to the poor, administered to the sick in the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and thus tried the effect of her poisons, undetected, on these helpless wretches. She bribed a servant to poison her own father and her brother, and endeavored to poison her sister. The two former perished; but a suspicion having arisen of the cause of their death, the sister was on her guard, and thus escaped. She then, however, avoided detection, and the guilty pair continued their villainous practices in security, until they were at length providentially brought to light in the following manner:—

De Ste. Croix, while preparing poison, always wore a glass mask; but this once happening to drop off by accident, he was, as it is said, suffocated by the vapour, and was found dead on the floor of his laboratory. As he was without apparent heirs, government caused an inventory to be taken of his effects, among which there was found a sealed casket, with a label to the following effect:—'I hereby entreat that these into whose hands this box may fall, will have the kindness to deliver it into the hands of the Mar-

chioness de Brinvilliers, who resides in the *Rue neuve St Paul*, as its contents concern her alone, are her sole property, and can be of no use to any other person; and in case that she should die before me, I beg that it may be burned, with all that it contains, without opening it. That no one may plead ignorance, I swear by that God whom I adore, and by all that is sacred, that I advance nothing but the truth; and these, my just and reasonable wishes, be not complied with, I charge the conscience of those who infringe them with the consequences, both in this world, and the next, in order that I may relieve my own conscience, at the same time, that this is my last will. Done at Paris, this 28th of May, in the afternoon, 1672.—DE SAINTE CROIX." The singularity of this request formed the strongest inducement not to comply with it; accordingly, the casket was opened, and in it were found various packets, with inscriptions signifying that they contained poisons, the effects of which had been proved by experiments on animals.

The Marchioness, having failed in an attempt to obtain possession of the casket, fled to England, and thence to Liege, where she took sanctuary in a convent. In order to entice her from this privileged abode, a police-officer, in the disguise of an Abbé, obtained an introduction to her, and, assuming the character of a lover, persuaded her to leave the convent on a party of pleasure, and then arrested her. At first she denied all that was laid to her charge; and while in prison, she behaved with great levity, passing the greater part of her time in playing at piquet. But she had been guilty of the extraordinary imprudence of making out a catalogue of her crimes, which, in her own hand-writing, was found among her effects in the convent. Upon this she was convicted; and having afterwards acknowledged the horrid detail, which contained a series of the most shocking atrocities, she was publicly beheaded, and afterwards burned at Paris, on the 16th of July 1676, and met her fate with a degree of resolution amounting almost to unconcern. It may afford matter for curious speculation to the disciples of Lavater to learn, that nature had not been sparing to the Marchioness of the beauties of her sex: her features were regular, the contour of her face extremely graceful, and her whole air wore that appearance of serenity, which is considered as an indication of virtue."

ENGLISH PORCELAIN.

The first manufactories of porcelain in England were those at Bow, and at Chelsea, near London. In these, however, nothing but soft porcelain was made. This was a mixture of white clay and fine white sand from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, to which such a proportion of pounded glass was added, as, without causing the ware to soften so as to lose its form, would give it, when exposed to a full red heat, a semi-transparency resembling that of the fine porcelain of China. The Chelsea ware, besides bearing a very imperfect similarity in body to the Chinese, admitted only of a very fusible lead glaze, and in the taste of its patterns, and in the style of their execution, stood as low perhaps as any on the list. The china works at Derby come the next in date; then those of Worcester, established in 1751; and the most modern are those of Coalport, in Shropshire; of the neighbourhood of Newcastle in Staffordshire; and in other parts of that county. The porcelain clay used at present in all the English works is obtained in Cornwall, by pounding and washing over the gray disintegrated granite which occurs in several parts of that county; by this means the quartz and mica are got rid of, and the clay resulting from the decomposition of the felspar is procured in the form of a white, somewhat gritty powder. This clay is not fusible by the highest heat of our furnaces, though the felspar, from the decomposition of which it is derived, forms a spongy milk-white glass, or enamel, at a low white heat. But felspar, when decomposed by the percolation of water, while it forms a constituent of granite, loses the potash, which is one of its ingredients to the amount of about 15 per cent., and with it the fusibility that this latter substance imparts.—*Repertory of Patent Inventions.*

JAMAICA FIRE-FLIES.

I was in the habit, almost nightly, of enclosing a dozen or more of fire-flies under an inverted glass tumbler on my bedroom table, the light from whose bodies enabled me to read without difficulty. They are about the size of a bee, and perfectly harmless. Their coming forth in more than usual numbers is the certain harbinger of impending rain; and I have frequently, whilst travelling, met them in such myriads, that, be the night ever so dark, the pathway was as plain and visible almost as at noonday. The light they emit resembles exactly the lustre of the diamond, and I have been told that it is no uncommon thing for the Creole coquettes to insert a few of them, contained in pieces of thin gauze, amongst their hair, and in various parts of their dress, just as our belles at home avail themselves of the ingenuity of the paste-jeweller.—*Author of Scenes in Jamaica.*

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Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, and stereotyped by THOMAS ALLAN, Jun. Edinburgh.
Printed by BRADSHAW and EVANS, Bowdrie Street, London.